Luc. It is: May it be done?

Tra. Not possible: for who shall beare your part,
And be in *Padua* heere *Vincentio's* sonne,
Keepe house, and ply his booke, welcome his friends,
Visit his Countriemen, and banquet them?

Luc. Basta, content thee: for I haue it full.
We haue not yet bin seene in any house,
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,
For man or master: then it followes thus;
Thou shalt be master, *Tranio* in my sted:
Keepe house, and port, and seruants as I should,
I will some other be, some *Florentine*,
Some *Neapolitan*, or meaner man of *Pisa*.
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so: *Tranio* at once
Vncase thee: take my Cenlord hat and cloake,
When *Biondello* comes, he waites on thee,
But I will charme him first to keepe his tongue.

Tra. So had you need:
In breefe Sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient,
For so your father charg'd me at our parting;
Be seruiceable to my sonne (quoth he)
Although I thinke 'twas in another sence,
I am content to be *Lucentio*,
Because so well I loue *Lucentio*.

Luc. Tranio be so, because *Lucentio* loues,
And let me be a slaue, t'atchieue that maide,
Whose sodaine sight hath thral'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biondello.

Heere comes the rogue. Sirra, where haue you bin?

Bion. Where haue I beene? Nay how now, where are you?
Master ha's my fellow *Tranio* stolne your clothes, or you stolne
his, or both? Pray what's the newes?

Luc. Sirra come hither, 'tis no time to iest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time
Your fellow *Tranio* heere to saue my life,
Puts my apparell, and my countenance on,
And I for my escape haue put on his:

For in a quarrell since I came ash
I kil'd a man, and feare I was dese
Waite you on him, I charge you,
While I make way from hence to
You vnderstand me?

Bion. I sir ne're a whit.

Luc. And not a iot of *Tranio* in
Tranio is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

Bion. The better for him, woul
Tra. So could I 'faith boy, to haue
tio indeede had *Baptistas* yongest
sake, but your masters, I aduise yo
in all kinde of companies: Whe
Tranio: but in all places else, you

Luc. Tranio let's go:
One thing more rests, that thy selfe
To make one among these wooers:
ceth: my reasons are both good and

Exeunt. *The Pr*

1. *Man.* My Lord you nod, you
Beg. Yes by Saint Anne do I,
there any more of it?

Lady. My Lord, 'tis but begun.

Beg. 'Tis a verie excellent peece
would 'twere done.

Enter Petrucio,

Petr. Verona, for a while I take
To see my friends in *Padua*; but o
My best beloued and approued frie
Hortensio: and I trow this is his ho
Heere sirra *Grumio*, knocke I say.

Gru. Knocke sir? whome should
ha's rebus'd your worship?

Petr. Villaine I say, knocke me h

Gru. Knocke you heere sir? Why
knocke you heere sir.

Petr. Villaine I say, knocke me
And rap me well, or Ile knocke you

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